

10.
An O D E,

Imitated from

11 Horatii Flaccus (H.)

ODE XI: Book 2d. of *Horace*.

F R O M

Paul Faby to *Nicholas Faby*, Esq;

By a ⁺PERSON of HONOUR.

+ Lord Bath.

Studiis florentem ignobilis otī.

VIRG.



L O N D O N :

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AN OLD F.

Printed from

Open X. Book 2d. of H. H. H.

FROM

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An ODE,

Imitated from

ODE XI. Book 2d. of *Horace*.

Quid bellicosus Cantaber, &c.

I.

NEVER, dear *Faz*, torment thy Brain
With idle Fears of *France* or *Spain*,
Or any thing that's foreign :
What can *Bavaria* do to Us ?
What *Prussia*'s Monarch, or the *Russ* ?
Or ev'n Prince *Charles* of *Lorrain* ?

.VI

A 2

II.

II.

Let us be chearful whilst we can,
And lengthen out the short-liv'd Span,
Enjoying ev'ry Hour.
The Moon itself we see decay;
Beauty's the worfe for ev'ry Day,
And so's the sweetest Flow'r.

III.

How oft, dear *Faz*, have we been told,
That *Paul* and *Faz* are both grown old,
By young and wanton Lasses!
Then since our Time is now so short,
Let us enjoy the only Sport
Of tossing off our Glasses.

IV.

IV.

From *White's* we'll move th'expensive Scene,
 And steal away to *Richmond-Green* ;
 There free from Noise and Riot,
Polly each Morn shall fill our Tea,
 Spread Bread and Butter, and then we
 Each Night get drunk in Quiet.

V.

Unless perchance Earl *L^{iceste}r* comes,
 As noisy as a dozen Drums,
 And makes a horrid Pother:
 Else might we quiet sit and quaff,
 And gently chat and gayly laugh
 At this, and that, and t'other.

VI.

VI.

Br-isth--w shall fettle what's to pay,
 Adjust Accounts by Algebra,
 I'll always order Dinner :
Br-----w, tho' solemn, yet is fly,
 And leers at *Poll* with roguish Eye,
 To make the Girl a Sinner.

VII.

Powell, (d'ye hear?) let's have the Ham,
 Some Chickens, and a Chine of Lamb;
 And what else-----let's see----look ye,
Br-isth--w must have his damn'd Bouilli;
B-at-b fattens on his Fricassée;
 I'll have my Water-Suchy.

VIII.

VIII.

When Dinner comes, we'll drink about,
(No matter who is in or out)
Till Wine or Sleep o'ertake us ;
Each Man may nod, or nap, or wink ;
And when it is our turn to drink,
Our Neighbour then shall wake us.

IX.

Thus let us live in soft Retreat,
Nor envy nor despise the Great ;
Submit to pay our Taxes ;
With Peace or War be well content,
Till eas'd by a good Parliament,
Till S^o---pe his Hand relaxes.

X.

Never enquire about the *Rhine*,
 But fill your Glass and drink your Wine,
 Hope Things may mend in *Flanders*.
 The *Dutch*, we know, are good Allies;
 So are they all with Subsidies;
 And we have choice Commanders.

XI.

Then here's the K--g; God blefs his Grace!
 Tho' neither you nor I have Place,
 He has many a sage Adviser;
 And yet no Treason sure's in this,
 Let who will take the Pray'r amiss,
 God fend them all much Wiser!

X
 F I N I S.

